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The Evening World First

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during first six
months, 1904..... 7,700

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during first six
months, 1903..... 6,019

INCREASE..... 1,681

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New
York EVER carried in regular editions in six consecutive
months such a volume of display advertising as The Evening
World carried during the first six months, 1904.

NEW HAVEN'S PLANS FOR THE BRONX.

Plans for the six-tracking and the electrification of
the New Rochelle division of the New York, New Haven
and Hartford railway were heralded in the middle of
last month. They are now published in full, and with
the official authorization of President Mellen.

The improvement will cost \$8,000,000. If carried out
as promised it will be of tremendous and expansive
benefit to the territory and towns lying between the
Harlem River and New Rochelle. Further, as connections
are proposed with the Interborough rapid-transit
line and with the Pennsylvania routes on Long Island,
the broadened road will perform a great part in the
further solidification of the greater city. In the present
and promised developments of our local transit systems,
the East and Harlem Rivers are as if they were not.

Congratulations are due to the hustling Bronx and
other interested localities on the prospects pointed out
by President Mellen. But it would probably be unwise
for these communities to cease, on the strength of the
New Haven plans, from continuing their friendly efforts
for the Port Chester railway enterprise. In a territory
so large and so destined for growth, transit accommoda-
tion must be extensive—and competition between lines
will prove an excellent thing.

An "L" and Subway Tie-Up.—No more calamitous dis-
turbance of urban conditions at the approach of the
autumn season can be imagined than that which would
come of a strike and tie-up on the "L" road and the new
Subway. It behooves the parties on both sides of the
current dispute to take into consideration the seriousness
of this matter from a public standpoint, and to employ
for the settlement of the trouble every resource of fair
minds. There will be no public patience with either party
which is seen to be using the menace to a whole popula-
tion's interests as a club in urging on purposes either
selfish or unfair.

THE LADY AND THE NEWS RECORD.

"A woman led the way." Virgil, reading the morning
papers, would find the fact he chronicled as unique re-
peated with a variety and multiplicity of action and
interest sufficiently extraordinary to excite remark from
those who live in her era of progress. In the Monday
morning news columns she is revealed as—

Outswimming the men contestants in a race from Brook-
lyn Bridge to Sea Gate;

Folling highwaymen and saving a rich widow from thugs
lying in wait to attack her;

Defeating the Fat Men's Nine of Canastota in a baseball
match;

Smashing five saloons in Cuba, Kan.;

Carrying an election at Woodmont-by-the-Sea, a New
Haven suburb;

Preparing for a ten-mile yacht race in Oyster Bay waters;

Masquerading as a "road agent" and holding up a coach,
and posing as a Sister of Charity to collect money under
false pretenses;

Stealing the mail at Saranac Lake (a girl of twelve);

Going mad through overstudy, in an ambition to become
a high-school teacher;

Figuring at the Patent Office as a prolific inventor, and
at the Agricultural Department in Washington as a silk
cultivist, and in the statistics of Northwestern University as
growing on marriage after graduation;

And pre-eminent still in activity in affairs of the heart—
getting her sweetheart out of jail by a ruse in Indiana, shot
by a love-crazed wooer, lashing her rival in a speeding cab,
using a doctor for breach of promise, and behind prison bars
for attempting to kill a recreant lover.

This chronicle of one day's doings of the sex? The
woman's page may go from the newspaper, but not the
woman from the news. Of that she remains a main in-
tegral part, exciting daily wonder and speculation as to
what lengths and in what remote directions her activities
are yet to extend.

PASSING OF THE PALM GARDEN.

The restaurant rounder looking in at the city's
newest marble and gold hotel for a novelty to what his
appetite will note an "orangerie" where in the normal
hotel the palm garden should be. A Florida environment,
with a hymeneal suggestion, for his crabs on toast and
Mouille cup hereafter. Is the knell sounded for what
had come to be a stock property of the modern hotel?
From its original habitat on Fifth avenue the palm
garden had been transplanted to all quarters of the con-
tinent until it had come to flourish as vigorously in Rich-
mond and doubtless in Oskosh as at the Waldorf. What
an amount of culinary good cheer has its sheltering
foliage promoted, even when the florist's price mark on
the tubs was yet visible to the pessimist at the feast!
Its passing will be observed with regret.

In its provision for cosmopolitan gormandizing this
new hotel skyscraper will appeal to the appetite of the
most jaded. It will be possible to dine in an Italian
garden with a sumptuousness which a Colonna might
have envied. Cocktails will be procurable at a Flemish
bar, steins will circulate when undergraduate good fel-
lows get together in surroundings recalling college halls,
grilled bones will be despatched in an idealized wigwam
and ale quaffed from the wood at tables which an old-
fashioned Rhenish Councillor of State might recognize as
familiar.

The diner-about-town is to be well supplied with
novelties this year. Even before use pulls the Astor
innovations the Knickerbocker and the Belmont will
provide rival attractions for him. He is entering upon a
busy season.

PROGRESS.

There was a man in our town,
His business it was bad.
He heard "World Wants Work Wonders,"
So he placed one little "ad."
Where then his store's packed to the door—
From dawn to dusk he works.
He placed another World Want "ad."

Drawbacks of Being Pretty.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



IT is not ex-
pected that
the fortunate young
woman with
four-inch
heels and an
eight-inch
pompadour
will care to
read this lit-
tle homily on
the disadvan-
tages of be-
ing pretty.
For, of course,
she knows
there are

none. But for
the less endowed young women who
even by these heroic devices cannot
merit the coveted adjective descriptive
of feminine charms there may be con-
solation in the reflection that to be con-
sidered pretty is not an unmixed de-
light.

In the first place, she has to meet the
firmly rooted masculine conviction that
a pretty woman has no sense. Other
women's brains and their principles may
be taken for granted, but she has to
prove hers, and very often she finds it
a difficult thing to do. For under her
most brilliant facade of wit and epi-
gram the average man preserves the
air of mystified but unshaken incred-
ulity with which he watches a slight-
of-hand performance which he can't ex-
plain, but nevertheless won't believe in.

Another disadvantage of being a
pretty woman is that from the very
hour of her birth that respectable but
scarcely beautiful old lady, Mrs. Grundy,
has marked her for her very own.
Other women less gifted with physical
loveliness may dance six times in an
evening with the same man or stroll on
a moonlit beach unchaperoned, and the
enterprising old gossip will have not a
word to say concerning them. But let
a girl with a primrose skin and a dim-
pled mouth, with corners that look as
if they had been done up in curl papers
overnight, commit any of these social
imprudences and—"Welly, really, you
know, somebody ought to speak to that
young chit about her conduct. How
easy it is to see that she has no
mother!"

The inevitable penalty of being con-
spicuous in looks is that of having to
be inconspicuous in everything else. If
you are not, people are going to ask
the reasons why and to supply reasons
if you don't give them any. A wom-
an's very beauty gives people the right
to stare at her, at least they think it
does, and though she may enjoy the at-
tention she attracts for a while, in the
end she gets awfully tired of being sized
up for "points" as if she were on ex-
hibition at a cattle show.
A pretty woman has always to be as
much on the alert concerning her dress
and looks as the sentry guarding a
dangerous outpost in war time. If she
can't the rumor is immediately circu-
lated that she is "going off on her
looks" or "getting terribly seedy," &c.
It is not even certain that to be
pretty is an unalloyed aid to matrimony,
for there are some men who are afraid
to marry pretty women and only feel
at home with plain ones. They are the
kind that never get over feeling a cer-
tain awe of and discomfort in their
dress suits and who regard comfort and
utility as synonymous terms.
There is really just one combination
of circumstances in which the "pos-
session of beauty is an unalloyed advantage."
That is in facing a jury when on trial
for murder. It has been said that a
pretty woman can commit any crime and
go unpunished in New York. It is
certain that twelve men cannot be
found to sentence a pretty woman to
death, possibly less from sympathy with
the individual than from a proper ap-
preciation of the scarcity of pretty
women and an unwillingness to diminish
the number.

But few women will envy her this
unique supremacy and still fewer put
their loveliness to such a test.

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

BETTER THAN HATCHETS.

"Do you think," queried the old lady,
"the time will ever come when all na-
tions will get together and bury the
hatchet?"

"They may bury the hatchet," re-
plied the man who had been reading
the war news, "but they will never in-
ter the rapid-fire guns."—Chicago
News.

ADVICE.

Hewitt—What is the best business to
which a young man can give his atten-
tion?

Jewett—His own.—Harper's Bazar.

DIVORCE.

"You can't take two from two and
leave one, you know."

"No," replied the South Dakota
Judge, "but I've often taken one from
one and left two."—Chicago Record-
Herald.

RETIRED.

Patience—Is her husband in trade?

Patience—No; he was sold out by the
Sheriff last week.—Yonkers Statesman.

SATISFIED.

"You must not expect me to give up
my girlhood ways all at once," said
the happy bride.

"Oh, I w—t," he replied, "I hope
you'll keep right on taking an allow-
ance from your father just as if
nothing had happened."—Superior (W.)
Telegram.

LITERALLY.

"What's the most recent intelli-
gence?"

"That of Jones; he has just recovered
from an attack of insanity."—New Or-
leans Times-Democrat.

WILBIE WISE. Gene Carr's Know-It-All "Kid."

He Gives Snowball a Singing Lesson, and It's a Song That Reaches the Heart.



Mary Jane Had Just Read the Jeffries-Munroe Fight.

She Challenges Kickum to a Finish Fight and Finishes Him All Right.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Seven Colors in Rainbow.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How many colors are there in the
rainbow? Nixola.

There are seven colors in the rainbow.
They are: Violet, indigo, blue, green,
yellow, orange and red.

Wants Housekeeping Figures.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to know how readers
apportion the money they make. Take,
say, \$10 a week. What fraction of that
do they spend on food, on rent, on

clothes and on luxuries; and what part
do they put away? Does the man who
makes, say, \$25 a week save a larger
fraction than the man who makes \$10?

Another "Musical Block."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having read of "New York's most
musical block," permit me to offer my
testimony. The neighborhood I refer to
is West Tenth street in the celebrated
old Ninth Ward, once so famous as
Greenwich Village. Our music is all
driven by high class, too (no trash),

and is really a delight to listeners.
There are no less than five piano-play-
ing machines, all first grade, seven or
eight graphophones, six or more really
clever aspirants to opera singing, about
two dozen sweet-sounding pianos and
three or four cornets.

A Chambermaid's Wall.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Of all positions in a hotel there is no
more dreary than that of a chambermaid.
Where the housekeeper is a very slave
to the hotel, she has a detestable at your
genuinely high class, too (no trash),

and is really a delight to listeners.
There are no less than five piano-play-
ing machines, all first grade, seven or
eight graphophones, six or more really
clever aspirants to opera singing, about
two dozen sweet-sounding pianos and
three or four cornets.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper to supply a young girl
with money for the plate when going
to church with her?

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the capital of Holland. How
many pounds in a ton?

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper to supply a young girl
with money for the plate when going
to church with her?

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper to supply a young girl
with money for the plate when going
to church with her?



By Martin Green.

Senator Hill Is Making a Prima Donna Play—He Is the Adelina Patti of Politics.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Senator
David Bennett Hill has retired."
"It's a prima donna play," asserted the Man
Higher Up. "Senator Hill is the Adelina Patti of poli-
tics. When you and I are eligible to the granta stakes
and eating our food through a hose the newspapers will
continue to spout that Senator David B. Hill, having
completed his life work, has announced his intention to
retire from the leadership of his proud and grateful
party and spend the remainder of his days in peace and
quiet sawing wood."

"David Bennett Hill has the Presidential bug. True,
he is sixty-one years old, and before he can get another
crack at the nomination he will be close to sixty-five,
but the Presidential bug is an indestructible insect. Once
it fastens itself to a man's mental machinery it is there
to stick. It never departs until the embalmer arrives
and lays out his tools alongside the corpse."

"If you marked down with straight lines on a black-
board the number of times D. B. Hill has retired the re-
sult would look like a score in a bowling alley. And
all of his retirements have not been voluntary. There
have been times when some of his dear old friends got
together and cut his suspenders and he went all the
way to the roof of Wolfert's Roost before he stopped
ascending. But he took on ballast and came down and
framed up his game, and the next thing the people knew
there was David B. back in the old stand holding four
aces pat and with all the chips in the game in front of
him."

"Maybe Hill announced his retirement to discount the
rumor that if Judge Parker is elected he will make Hill
Secretary of State," suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"What, David B. Hill do anything like that? David
B. Hill lend himself to any con? Surely you don't be-
lieve a high-minded statesman like David B. Hill would
do anything like that?" asked the Man Higher Up.

"Mediaeval" Castles.

Last acquired of King Edward's dominions are the Housea
States, which lie in remotest, darkest Africa, hemmed in
on one side by the trackless desert and on the other by a region
notorious for the most deadly climate in the world. Here,
surrounded by native tribes of the lowest and most de-
graded types, with no religion but the cult of "Ju-Ju," has
been for ages a Mussulman empire, with a population of
many thousands, dwelling in fortified towns, each governed
by its own King, but owing allegiance to a chief, the Sult-
an of Socoto. Life within these cities recalls that of
mediaeval Europe. Each is defended by a wall which forms
a respectable defense. Kano, one of the most important of
the Housea cities, possesses walls thirty feet high, with
eleven gates, protected by moats and drawbridges. Over
the gates are chambers for the garrison and flanking towers
to shoot from. On the walls in time of war were stationed
soldiers to discharge poisoned arrows or to pour boiling oil
on the attacking foe. Within such fortifications the Housea
kings dwell securely in palaces, imposing in size, though,
like all the rest of the buildings, made only of sun-baked
mud.

The Highest Falls.

How the Victoria Falls impress a visitor is recorded in
Miss C. W. Mackintosh's journal of a recent tour in South
Africa. Miss Mackintosh says: "We perceived no hint of
the falls, only seeing before us a screen of rocky-based/
bright green forest, apparently closing in the river, like a
lake. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the camp, on a cliff
which literally overhung the gorge, and we saw the cataract
thundering down into the Boiling Pot at our feet. The walls
of the chasm, 400 feet high, were spanned by a rainbow.
The charm of these falls lies not in the one overwhelming
crash as at Niagara, but in the cumulative effect of various
glimpses, the matchless beauty of the surroundings and the
strangeness of the whole setting, but chiefly in the columns
of spray, called the "thundering smoke" and in the ever-
changing rainbows. The mile-wide river suddenly drops into
a yawning crack in the ground, stretching right across the
stream at right angles to the banks, a foaming trough,
quite narrow, of which the walls rose 400 feet above the sur-
face of the water."

Electric Divining Rod.

Whatever merit there may have been in the old divining
rod, divining by electricity seems likely to be successful.
The electrical-wave experiments made recently on the hills
about Coniston in the English lake district have indicated
the presence of a lode of copper 300 feet southwest of a
rich lode which was lost twenty years ago. The mine own-
ers and miners are sanguine that the new method of di-
vining will save much toil and expense.

Golden Streets.

The streets of some of the mining towns of California are
paved with gold. A great deal of the rock that is taken out
of the mines contains such a small percentage of gold that
it would not be profitable to take it out, so when a street
needs paving this rock is crushed, and, being exceedingly
hard, makes the finest sort of pavement.

Picture Puzzle.



Find the Other Young Lady.